

# nemo

the classic comics library

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BEYOND MARS  
An SF Strip Classic Rediscovered

ROSE O'NEILL  
The First Great Woman Cartoonist

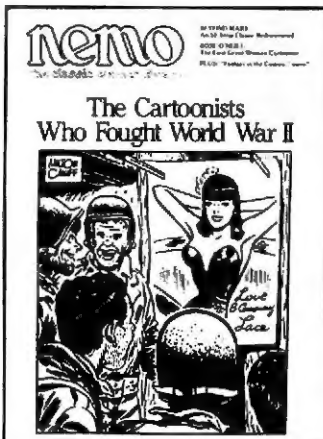
PLUS: "Fantasy in the Comics"!

## The Cartoonists Who Fought World War II



# NEMO contents

No. 12  
JUNE 1985



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ABOVE: Milton Caniff's Miss Lace. BELOW: Rose O'Neill's Kewpies.



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## Pens as Mighty As Swords

As the world remembers the end of fighting in the European theater of World War II, *NEMO* recalls the corps of cartoonists who arose during the conflict. For the first time anywhere, the remarkable American cartoonists of the war are considered as a group for their significant cartoon work.

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## King Features Goes to War

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This issue's "Fantasy in the Comics" installment presents Frank King's charming *Bobby Make-Believe*. You'll discover a feature that prefigures the cartoonist's flights of fancy in the Sunday *Gasoline Alley*. Introduced by Mark Johnson.

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## Science Fiction In the Comics

A forgotten SF masterpiece was the full-page *Beyond Mars* by Jack Williamson and Lee Elias, full of provocative concepts and lush art. As Elias drew in the Caniff style, this hints at what an SF strip by Milt would have looked like! The first episode is introduced by Ron Goulart, prominent SF author himself.

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## Sam's Strip (Cont'd)

More adventures of Mort Walker and Jerry Dumas's hapless host to the assembled characters of comic-strip heaven.

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## The First Great Female Cartoonist

This issue's Penwoman of the Past, as it were, is the exceptional cartoonist Rose O'Neill. When she is remembered at all today it is for her cute Kewpies, which live on in *Eternal Merchandising*. But *NEMO* offers a rich look at some of her other art—surprising, masterful, and accomplished far beyond children's books.

# The World War II Cartoonist Corps

## They Beat Swords into Pen-Nibs

By Rick Marschall

May, 1985 marks the 40th anniversary of the end of European operations in World War II. V-E Day answered the prayers of millions of war-weary and ravaged souls.

Ironically, as time recedes, the results of this century's two catastrophic wars become less certain; World War I, for instance, was obviously not the War to End All Wars. The Great War didn't even settle all the issues that fostered it.

Similarly, the Second World War seems less decisive after the passage of time. Can Great Britain, bereft of empire and a second-rate military and economic power at best, be truly characterized as a victor in the classic sense? Much has been made of the feeble conditions of certain wartime allies while former enemies like Japan and Germany are robust—largely with the help of people who had recently vaporized and incinerated their cities. People who were exposed as criminals and monsters became darlings of the scientific and business worlds.

Just as unsettling are the tug-of-war claims of the revisionist historians. On the left is the claim that Churchill schemed to sow suspicions and paranoia to create a Cold War so America could become the foster parent of the British Empire. On the right is the claim that pre-war census figures, and simple mathematics, prove that the Six Million figure is a hoax.

Nevertheless, the war has been called (recently, by Studs Terkel and others) *The Good War*. It was a war that just about everybody could support—and may have been the last of such phenomena. For that reason alone, in addition to the genuine

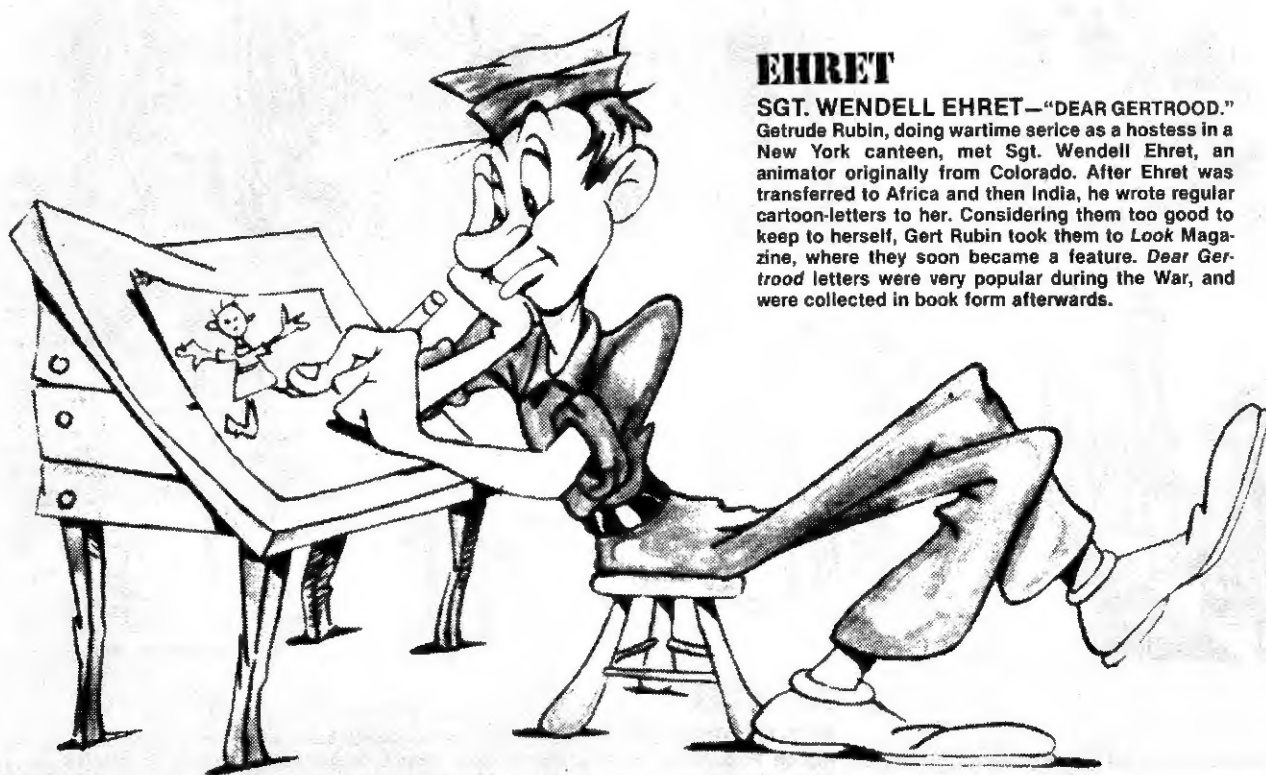
nostalgia for a shared, cathartic event, the current wave of fond remembrances serve a beneficial purpose. Apart from the historical and military aspects, there are social and cultural memories that can be glorified.

Just as the Depression—hard and cruel, too—produced a wave of distinctive cultural statements, so did World War II. Not the least of these was the Cartoon.

Many of the images and indeed icons of World War I were fashioned by cartoonists: Raemakers's Huns; Bairnsfather's "Better 'Ole"; Wally Wallgren's Salutin' Demon. And in World War II the images were multiplied, taken to heart by both soldiers and home-front readers.

The pages of *Yank*, *Stars and Stripes*, and *Leatherneck* were all filled with cartoons. Strip cartoonists at home found their features mobilized: There was hardly a character who was not in uniform. Comic characters were used in bond drives, and their likenesses adorned countless bombers. And perhaps most significant, a generation of cartoonists emerged during the war. This group is distinguished on two fronts, as it were: They drew, improvisationally, a remarkable record of the war in all its aspects; and they continued to dominate many areas of American cartooning for decades thereafter.

We are not aware of any overall treatment that has been accorded this body of cartooning propagandists and pictorial journalists. Now is the time to remember them, and to salute a notable group of ink-stained veterans... and their powerful, varied, and fascinating body of cartoon work.

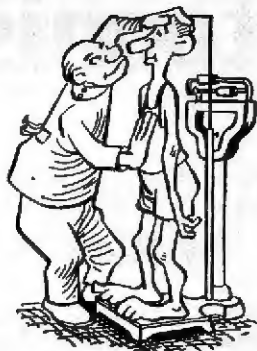


### EHRET

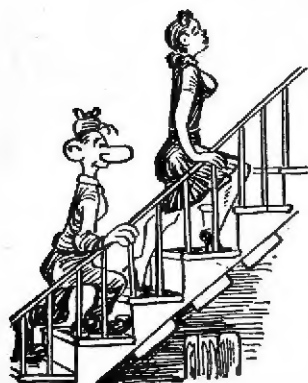
#### SGT. WENDELL EHRET—"DEAR GERTROOD."

Getrude Rubin, doing wartime service as a hostess in a New York canteen, met Sgt. Wendell Ehret, an animator originally from Colorado. After Ehret was transferred to Africa and then India, he wrote regular cartoon-letters to her. Considering them too good to keep to herself, Gert Rubin took them to *Look Magazine*, where they soon became a feature. *Dear Gertrude* letters were very popular during the War, and were collected in book form afterwards.

## THE PHYSICAL



## THE PROPOSITION



SGT. GEORGE BAKER

## BAKER

**SGT. GEORGE BAKER—THE SAD SACK.** George Baker was an animator for Disney, working on *Pinocchio*, *Fantasia*, *Dumbo*, and *Bambi*, before being drafted. He created the Sad Sack—the low man on the totem pole whom everyone loved to dump on—for *Yank*. The Sack had post-war life as a syndicated strip for Bell, a movie starring Jerry Lewis, and a series of comic books for Harvey.

## BREGER

**LT. DAVE BREGER—PRIVATE BREGER AND G.I. JOE.** Dave Breger became a Lieutenant, but his loosely autobiographical character remained a Private. Although he received a degree in abnormal psychology from Northwestern, Dave Breger went into the family sausage business (where he coined the slogan "Our Wurst is Best") before being drafted. His character was drawn for *Stars and Stripes*, but it was when he coined another phrase, "G.I. Joe" (for Government Issue, a dreaded prefix on everything thrown at enlisted men) that the diminutive soldier was immortalized. After the War, *Mr. Breger* was a long-running strip for King Features.



"Too many tanks running around here!"



"Well, maybe next time we'll be back home havin' Christmas dinner with our folks an' a big tree an' presents an' a fireplace..."



"Hope they send us a couple more messages by pigeon!"

## Le Triomphe



### WINGERT

**SGT. DICK WINGERT-HUBERT.** *Stars and Stripes* was a paper for the average soldier, and if it hadn't been, Hubert wouldn't have been born. Wingert's soldiers were not only the antithesis of Gen. Patton's Ideal fighting men, but they were wonderfully coarse and bawdy besides. Journalists stateside recalled the concepts of others' cartoons, but soldiers remembered the laughs in Hubert. William Randolph Hearst saw the native humor, too, and signed up Wingert after the War; Hubert still runs as a King Features strip.

Don't look now  
but here's old  
"Coushayawvec"  
back in town.



What do you do for Recreation around here, Mac?



Hold it now - let's make sure they're krauts  
-we don't want none of them rooshians on  
our conscience.



"I thought they put this stuff up to hinder the ENEMY!"

## LEWIS

**CLYDE LEWIS—PRIVATE BUCK.** Lewis, a one-time assistant to V.T. Hamlin on *Alley Oop*, transferred to King Features just before World War II. When the War began he created a half-pint, amiable everyman who served via single-panel cartoons. After the War *The Life of Private Buck* was changed by King into *The Private Life of Buck*, a daily feature that ran into the '50s.



## ARTZYBASHEFF

**BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF.** This immigrant illustrator was especially sensitive to the events in Europe, and was engaged by the Wickwire Spencer Steel Company to produce propaganda cartoons in 1944. "He Hates in Paint!" the company boasted, and Artzybasheff's elaborate drawings not only lambaste the obligatory Japanese monkeys and Nazi insects, but feature Wickwire's products as well—metal screens, automotive springs, and metal conveyor belts.



## SANSONE

**S/SGT. LEONARD SANSONE**  
—THE WOLF. Corporal, later Sergeant, Sansone, worked at the headquarters of the Camp Newspaper Service, the syndicate that distributed Caniff's *Male Call* and other features to approximately 3000 army publications. For the service he created the Wolf, whose primary occupation was chasing skirts when not fantasizing about them. He was a natural outgrowth of WW II's pinup industry.

"There's somethin' I've been wanting to ask you!"



Under the eyes  
of Bos'n Grummock  
Squee scrubbed the deck  
on an empty stomach.

## BROOKS

**ENSIGN DICK BROOKS, USNR—ELMER SQUEE.** A wartime series of wash drawings with poetic captions, depicting the misadventures of little Apprentice Seaman Elmer Squee, delighted the public and gave the Navy a rare cartoon identification. After the War, Brooks drew Squee as a bellhop for *King Features*; a set of teenage twin girls grew out of the strip into McNaught Syndicate's *The Jackson Twins*.

## MAULDIN

**SGT. BILL MAULDIN**—UP FRONT WITH WILLIE AND JOE. A young man when the War began, Bill Mauldin found himself on battlefields and in trenches; but, conversely, America also found him. One of American cartooning's great native talents, Mauldin drew foot soldiers the way foot soldiers looked... and felt. Gen Patton objected, personally, but Mauldin's heart, like Ernie Pyle's, was with the common infantrymen, combat medics, and artillerymen. Mauldin's soldier's wore their wrinkles as proudly, and more comfortably, than battle ribbons. His cartoons won a Pulitzer Prize during the War, and after the War the public followed Willie and Joe *Back Home* via United Feature panels. Since then Mauldin has become one of the country's premier political cartoonists, winning another Pulitzer along the way.



"Now that ya mention it, Joe, it does sound like th' patter of rain on a tin roof."



"How ya gonna find out if they're fresh troops if ya don't wake 'em up an' ask?"



« You hear that, Fernando? Th' invasion's over! You aint a enemy no more! »



# CANIFF

**MILTON CANIFF—MALE CALL WITH MISS LACE.** If cartoonist Thomas Nast was the Civil War's "most effective recruiting sergeant" (unquote, Abe Lincoln), then surely Milt Caniff was World War II's most effective Morale Officer. Male Call was originally conceived as a boost for the boys in uniform and an outgrowth of his great *Terry and the Pirates*. Characters from the strip appeared, with a modern-day serviceman's twist... meaning a little more military lingo and a little more cheesecake. The latter aspect was frowned upon by editors at Milt's syndicate, so *Male Call* was reborn with a new cast. And without those former restrictions, the classic Miss Lace made her debut, via the Camp Newspaper Service. It can truly be said that Lace became "the Better 'Ole" of the Second World War.







*The Four Horsemen.*



*Poland Greet Her Good Neighbors.*

## **SZYK**

**ARTHUR SZYK.** One of the most effective pictorial propagandists in the Allied cause was Arthur Szyk, a Polish cartoonist who had studied art in Krakow and Paris. In the late 'teens he fought with Gen. Sikorski against the Bolsheviks, and when World War II broke out he found himself in London, where he began drawing savage cartoons attacking Russia and Germany after their invasion of his homeland. Later he drew notable color covers for *Collier's* in America, cartoons that lambasted the Axis. Szyk had a parallel, and honored, career as a book illustrator, painter of miniatures, and designer of scrolls and illuminated manuscripts. All of his work featured baroque, almost oriental flavors and details.



**Attila.**

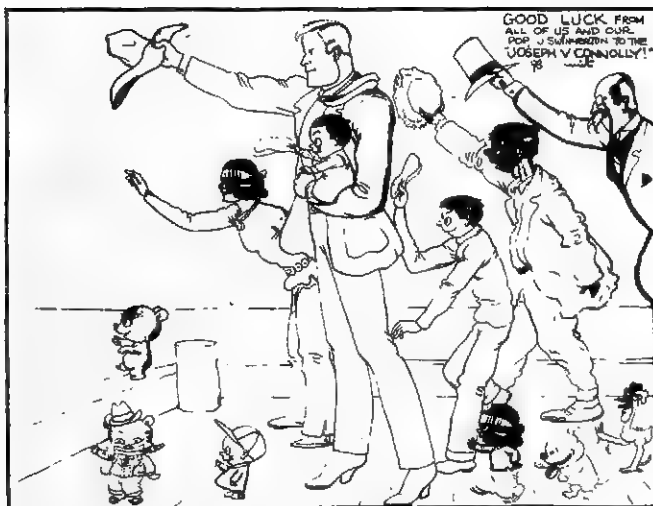
# King Features Characters Go To War

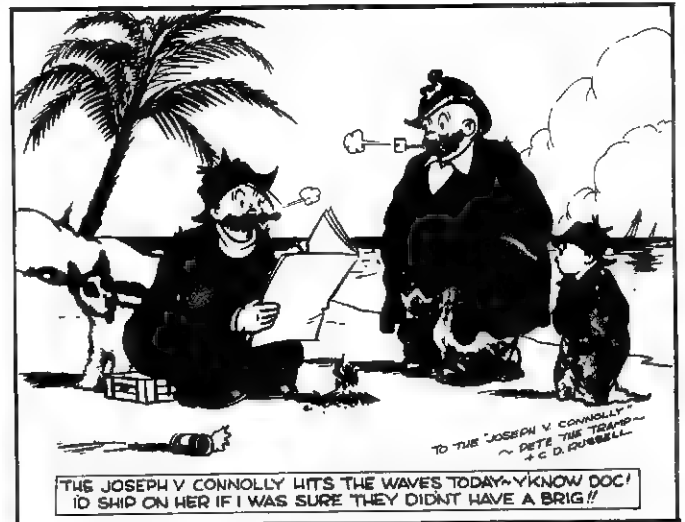
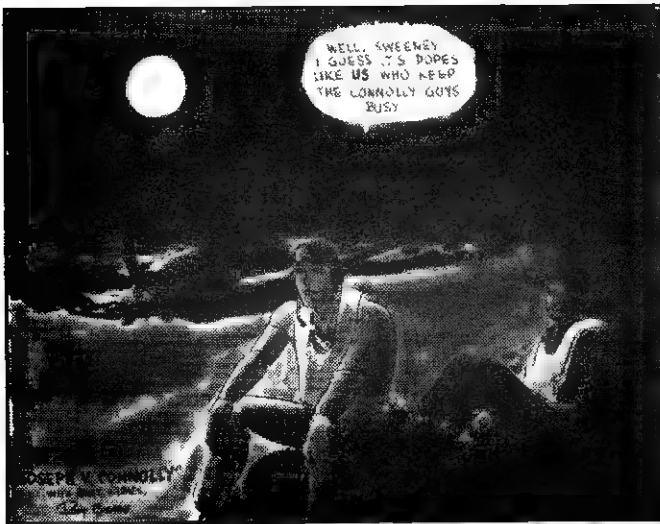
In the closing days of World War II an aircraft cargo carrier was christened the S.S. *Joseph V. Connolly*. It was named in honor of the president of King Features Syndicate who had died earlier in 1945. Prominent in its interior were nearly three dozen color cartoons aiding the war effort and honoring Connolly, the syndicate executive who had been instrumental in their success.

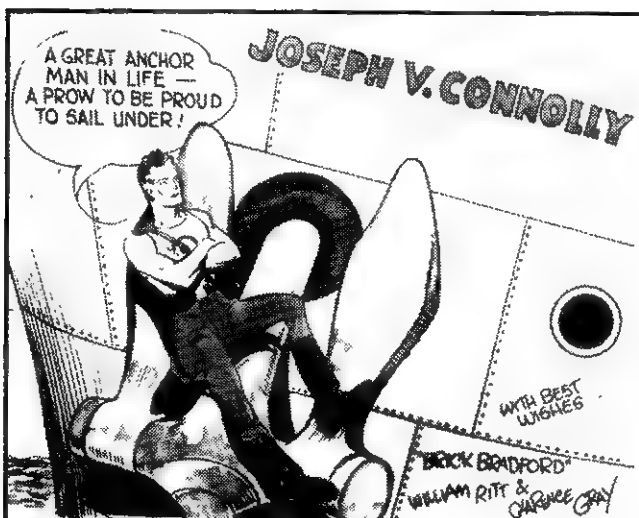
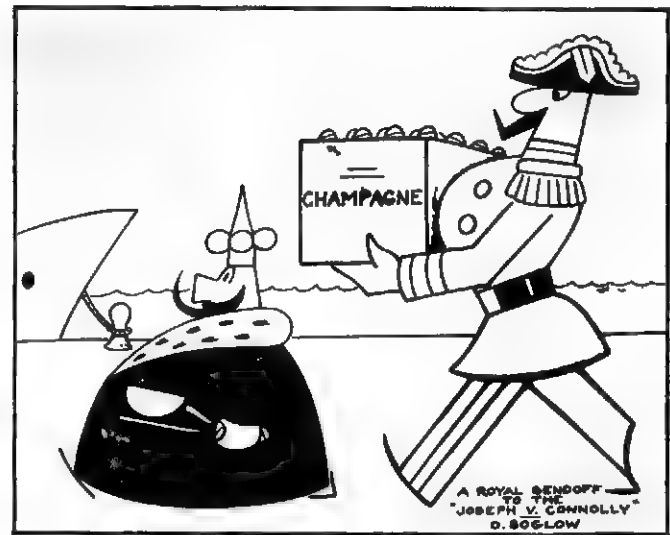
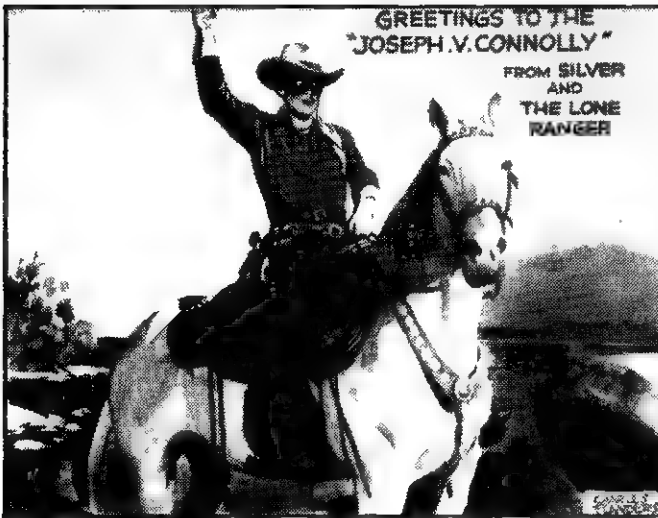
At the ceremony were Connolly's widow Mary; his daughter Mary Jo; and son, Ensign J.J. Connolly. After the fall of Germany the ship was outfitted for the invasion of Japan, and later brought troops and materiel home from Europe, sometimes setting speed records. The ship went down in an accident several years later, but the cartoon originals were recovered.

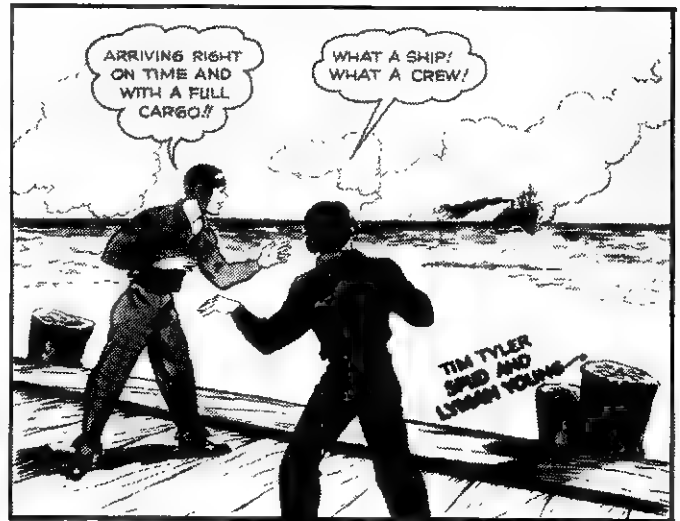


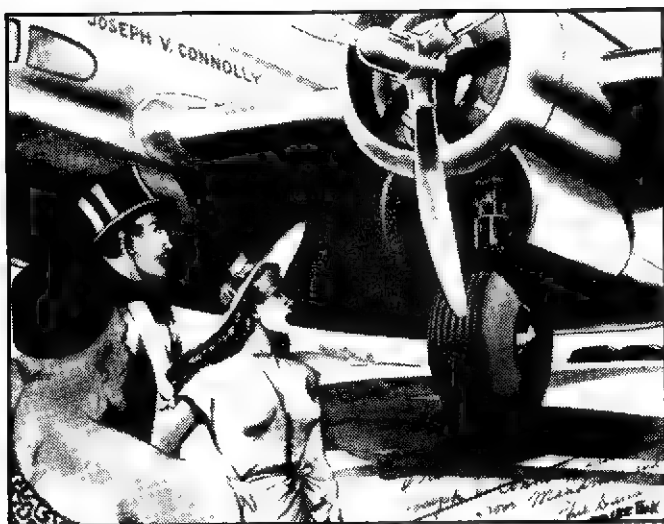
The christening of the S.S. *Joseph V. Connolly*; Connolly's widow Marguerite is in the center, and his daughter, Mary Jo, is at right.











Long before *Gasoline Alley*, Frank King was among the *Chicago Tribune's* most prolific and popular cartoonists. His first series for them was *Oh Augustus*, which debuted on August 28, 1910. Soon he was contributing to the *Tribune's* multi-colored strips *Foolish Limericks Now and Then Are Relished by the Best of Men* and *Honest Harold, Do You Mean What You Say?* His first daily strip was *Jonah, the Whale for Trouble*, the adventures of a short fellow with a large top hat bearing his name; he was a jinx to everyone he met and wasn't of very much luck to himself either, as the strip lasted only from October to December, 1910.

But King was working regularly in the pages of the *Tribune*, doing various editorial and miscellaneous artwork in the daily paper. His second Sunday series was *Look Out for Motorcycle Mikel*, a rather repetitive opus about a primitive Evel Knievel exploding through any person, place, or thing, including every national monument on the globe.

In January, 1915, *Bobby Make-Believe* was launched. It was different from other Fantasy/Dream strips such as *Little Nemo* and *Nibsy the Newsboy* because its charm did not lie in beautiful fantasy locations. Bobby was not a "dreamer" and his adventures were not portrayed in the way a dream was. Make-believe is a childish term, and his imaginings are close to what a real boy's are. As he did so often during his career, King took a fresh look at a subject and came up with an original concept; many of Bobby's adventures are derived from elemental concepts, such as flying carpets, finding gold at the end of a rainbow, assisting Santa Claus, etc. King's simple, cheerful style and insightful wit gave these old ideas a spark of new life, making them enjoyable to young and old readers alike.

The cast consisted of Bobby; his friend Spud; a pretty blonde girlfriend, Virginia; and Bobby's antagonists Sissy Bly and Adolph, older and taller than Bobby. Bobby himself was a butcher's delivery boy and part-time bully.

## fantasy in the comics

The difference between Bobby's adventures and previous

"dream" formula strips is that Bobby's fantasies are somewhat tied to reality. He knew the adventures were of his creation—make-believe—and he was never surprised when his bubble burst in the last frame. No matter

how wild his thoughts became, it was, nevertheless, all a game. Many episodes might cause adults to shudder, but King accurately captured a boy's fascination of such things, even to a boy's lack of regard for consequences.

Real life was always an important component in the strip and usually asserted itself in the climax, in pale contrast to what we had just seen in Bobby's mental creation. He imagines, for instance, that he's a cowboy smoking a peace pipe with a tribe of Indians, until they run away in inexplicable terror. The scene dissolves into Bobby, a boy again, being chucked on the ear by his mother for smoking a corn cob pipe. The Indians have become his fleeing friends.

Fantasy always gives way to real life in *Bobby Make-Believe* but without a moral or severe resolution, such as the humiliating defeats suffered by Clare Briggs's *Danny Dreamer*. Bobby's stories end only in temporary, minor upsets, just as would happen to a little boy, forgotten the next day.

At the end of the strip's run, the stories became less inventive, perhaps because King was no longer enthused about doing Bobby in addition to his editorial work, his Sunday *Rectangle* page, as well as his daily *Gasoline Alley*. King did his last *Bobby Make-Believe* in November, 1919, when it was taken over by Frank Willard. His version was funny, but so much in the rough-hewn vein of his later *Moon Mullins* that it was totally unfit. Later that month it was taken over by Everett E. Lowry, a prolific cartoonist of comics' early years; but his *Bobby* was rather mediocre. In 1914 he had devised a strip for the *Tribune* called *Mr. Bones*, a homeless-canine strip, and in 1919 Lowry was assigned to take over *Bobby Make-Believe*, but he used the opportunity to further his own character. He merged the two strips as *Mr. Bones and Bobby*. The dog-and-his-boy strip held little charm or appeal, and Bobby was soon dropped from the *Mr. Bones* strip, which reverted back to half-page. The *Make-Believe* strip and fantasy premise were truly King's own.

Outside of some reprints put out by the *Chicago Tribune* in 1940, very little has been written or shown of *Bobby Make-Believe* since its heyday. The few samples reprinted here will demonstrate that Frank King's pre-Skeezix efforts were just as delightful as, and perhaps more inventive than, his later work.

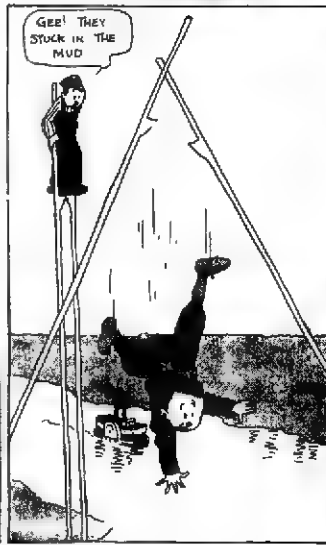
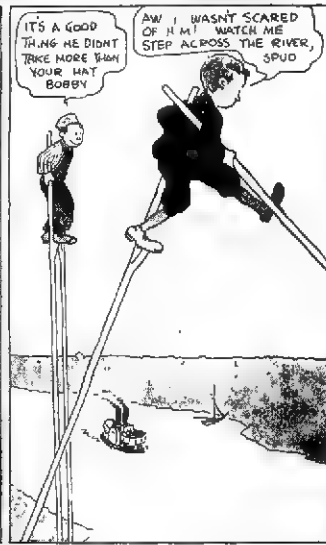
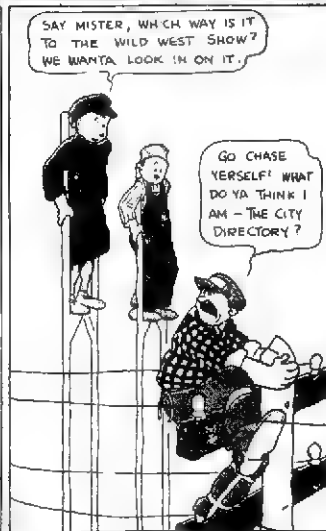
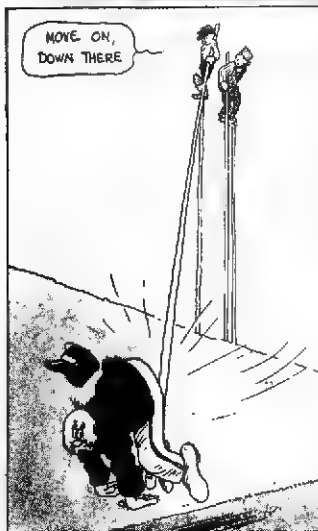
# Frank King's Make-Believe World

The Pre-Gasoline Era  
By Mark Johnson



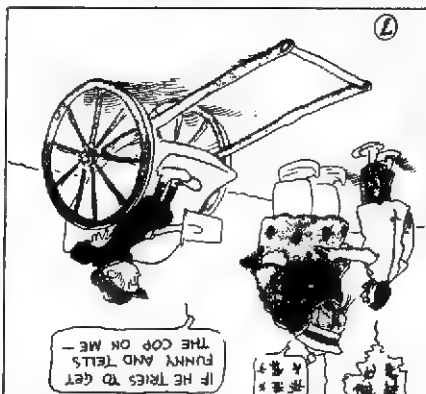
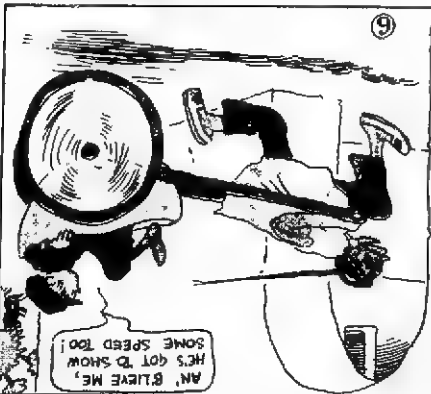
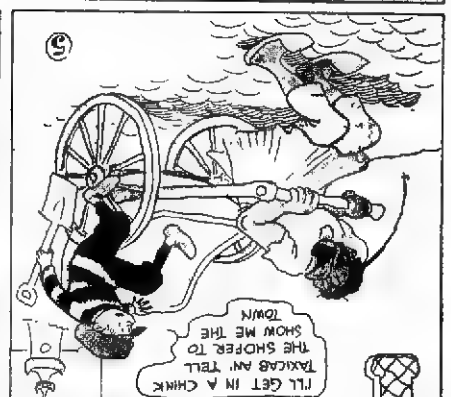
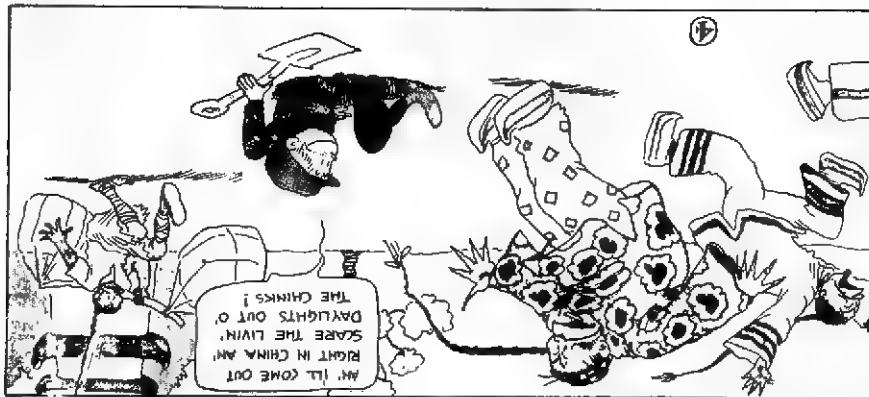
# BOBBY MAKE-BELIEVE

IMAGINES HIS STILTS ARE AS HIGH AS THE HOUSE



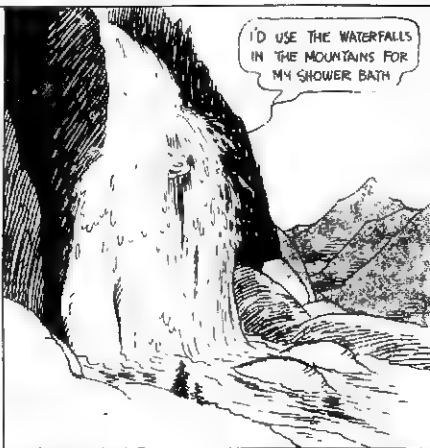
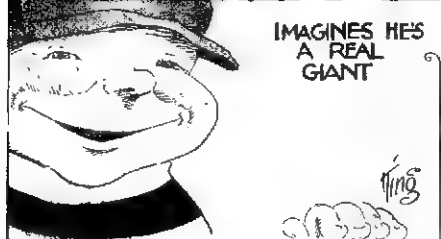
# Bobby Make-Believe

IMAGINES HE DESCENDS TO CHINA.



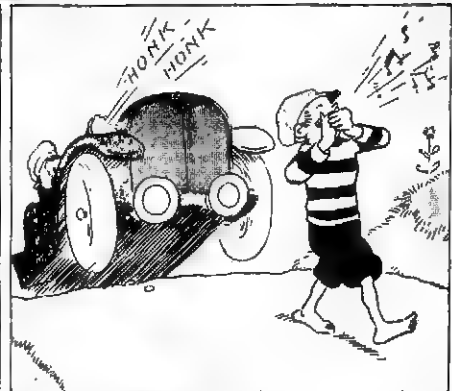
March 12, 1916

# BOBBY MAKE- BELIEVE

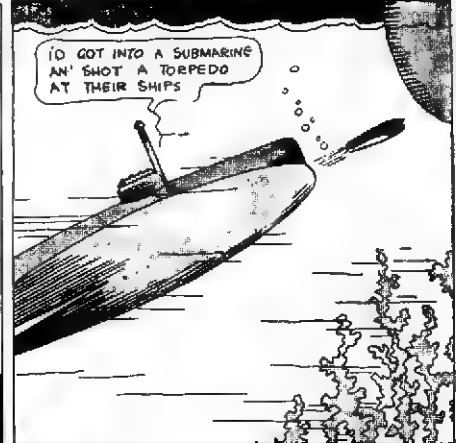
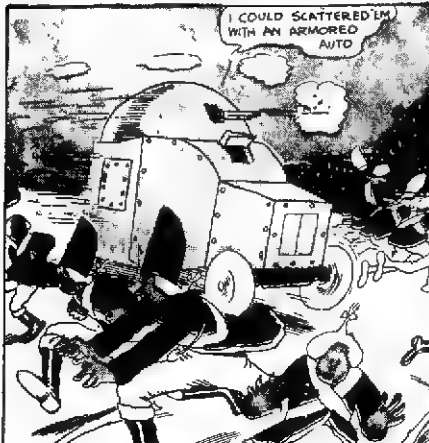
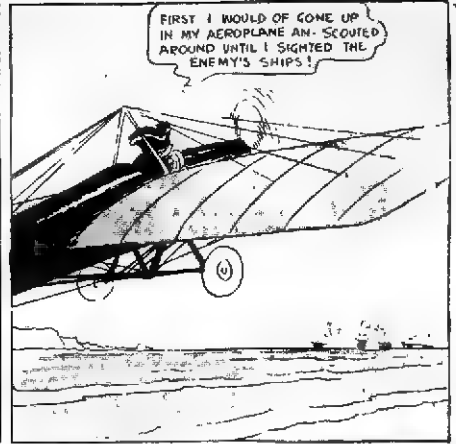
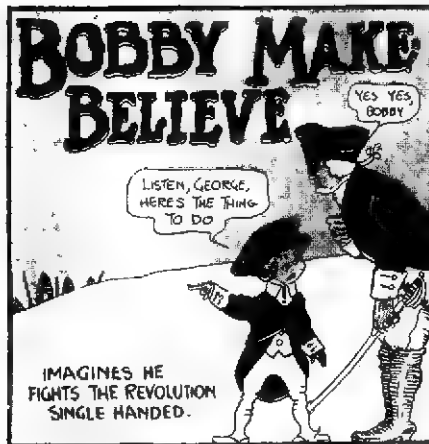


May 28, 1916

# BOBBY MAKE-BELIEVE

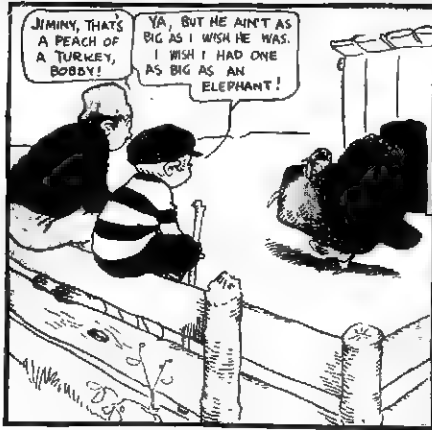


July 9, 1916



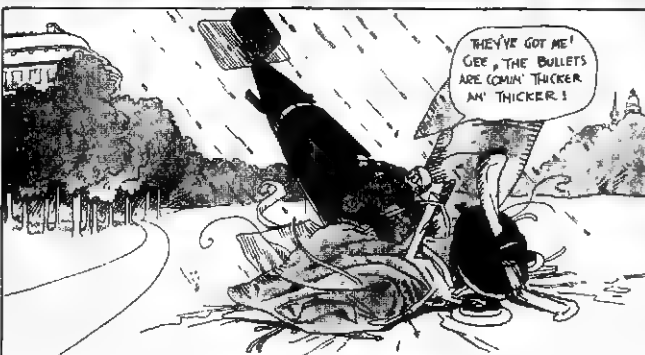
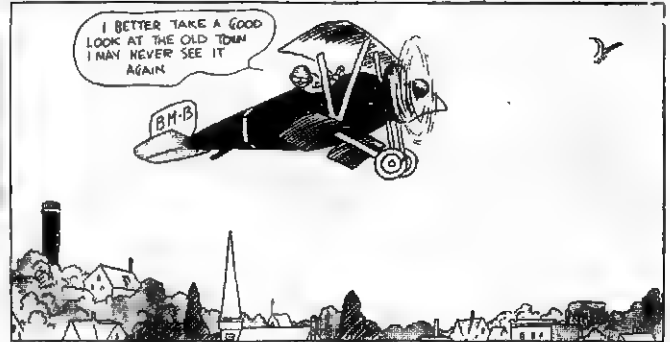
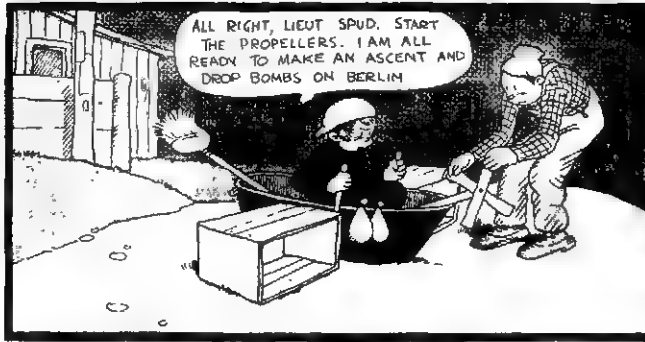
# BOBBY MAKE-BELIEVE

IMAGINES HE IS THE PROPRIETOR OF THE BIGGEST THANKSGIVING TURKEY IN THE WORLD.



Nov. 26, 1918

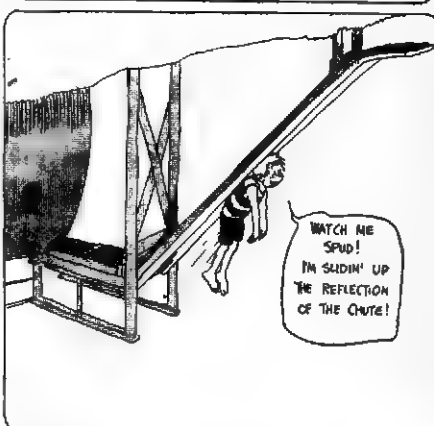
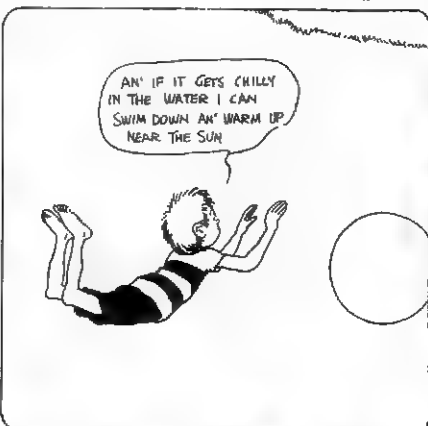
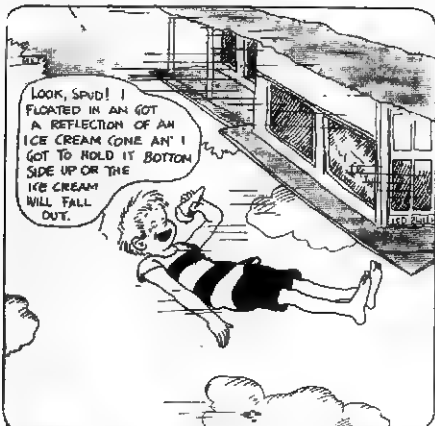
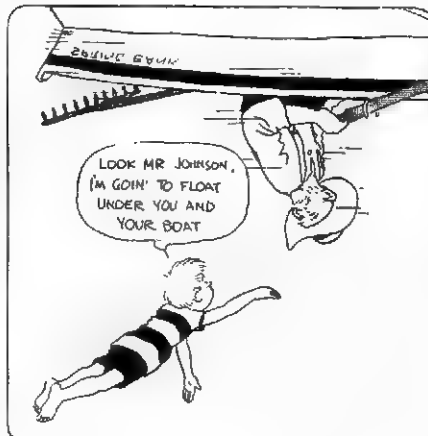
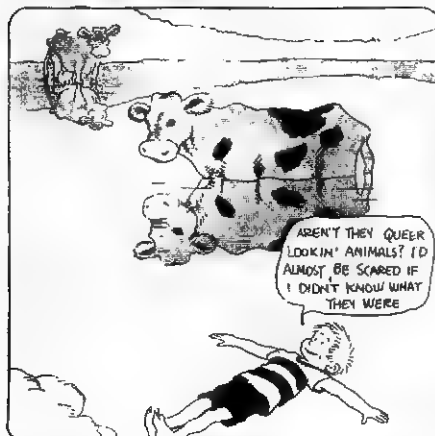
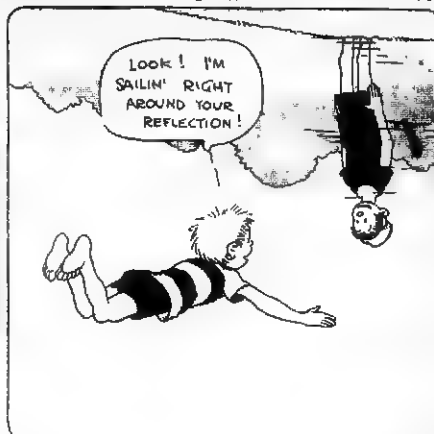
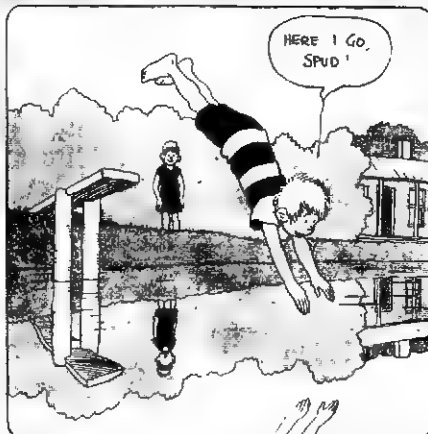
# BOBBY MAKE-BELIEVE...IMAGINES HE'S "FIRST OVER BERLIN"



Sept. 30, 1917

# BOBBY MAKE-BELIEVE

IMAGINES HE DOES SOME UNDER WATER EXPLORING



Feb. 9, 1917

# Beyond Mars

## A Forgotten SF Strip Classic By Ron Goulart



A bright spot in the long history of science-fiction strips, *Beyond Mars* appeared only in the Sunday edition of the New York News. But since the *Sunday News* was sold on newsstands all across the country, the strip could be said to have had a national circulation. It started in 1952, lasted until 1955 and was the creation of veteran science-fiction writer Jack Williamson and comic-book graduate Lee Elias.

Williamson is a Southwesterner, born in Arizona and raised in New Mexico. He began his professional career, at the age of 20, by selling a story to *Amazing Stories* in 1928. A successful magazine writer and novelist, his books include *The Legion of Space*, *Darker Than You Think*, and *The Humanoids*.

Lee Elias was born in England and originally wanted to be a violinist. "I loved the fiddle but couldn't eat it," he once explained, "so I studied art at Cooper Union and the Art Students League." He broke into comic books in 1943 at that temple of Good Girl Art, Fiction House, where he drew girls and airplanes for *Wings Comics*, and girls and rocket ships for *Planet Comics*; he created Firehair, a roughriding, redhaired Wild West heroine for *Rangers Comics*. Moving over to the Harvey Brothers' outfit in 1946, Elias took over depicting the crimebusting career of that formidable lady, Black Cat.

By the middle 1940s Elias had become one of the most impressive exponents of the Caniff-Sickles approach. In fact, he drew new filler pages for the *Harvey Terry* and the *Pirates* reprint magazine. Elias was in his early 30s when he was picked to draw *Beyond Mars*.

Jack Williamson got the job of writing and creating the feature through an accident. His novel *Seetee Ship*, written under his Will Stewart penname, received a somewhat snide review in the *New York Times*. "It is a pity that the quality of the writing is such that this 'space opera' ranks only slightly above that of a comic strip adventure," is how the review summed it up. Reading that, some editors at the *News* decided that Williamson was exactly the man they needed to write an SF adventure strip for them.

"That was when TV had just begun to hurt the circulation of Sunday papers," Williamson told me. "Somebody at the *News* noticed that all the competing papers had much the same comics and decided the *News* might gain a competitive edge by developing some original strips of its own." Using his novels

about Seetee (CT stood for contraterrene, better known these days as anti-matter) as a basis, Williamson invented a tabloid page about Mike Flint, a "licensed spatial engineer," who lived two hundred and some years in the future on Brooklyn Rock in the asteroid belt. It was a time when "a new force—paragravity—had enabled men to live and breathe on the asteroids."

According to Williamson, "the plot pattern of the strip was taken more or less from *Dick Tracy*... each episode involved a conflict with a new villain, with a new group of colorful characters." He also recalls his copy was frequently changed to fit "the *News*' notion of which ideas and assumptions the readers could understand and accept." Despite these handicaps, Williamson managed to construct a fast-moving adventure feature with touches of real science fiction and real humor. After three years, however, the *News* lost interest in having its own exclusive features and *Beyond Mars* died.

Our sampling commences with the very first Sunday, February, 17, 1952. You'll notice that in the year 2191 while fellows dress in a futuristic way, young women are still decking themselves out in 1952 New Look finery. And moms are still to be found in print housedresses and aprons. Outside of these small fashion lapses, though, Elias does an impressive job of visualizing Williamson's version of the future.

**Editor's Note:** By the way, we don't mean to leave you hanging at the end of this sampling; but Williamson and Elias always did, by design. *Beyond Mars* ran on the back page of the *News*, and, it was hoped, would build circulation. The strip's adventures never experienced climaxes, but each story inevitably segued into the next: Keep the readers guessing and keep 'em coming. So *Beyond Mars* had a beginning—offered here—but, in a sense, never had an ending.

One last thing *Beyond Mars* did have was superb color work. It was the last feature that could boast of meticulous, hand-tooled, metal-plate color engraving. It was provided by master craftsmen who had practiced their trade on New York newspapers since the days of the Yellow Kid, and they were a dying breed, literally. In the early '50s, *Beyond Mars* was their last hurrah, and the rich variety of tones and blended shadings in the following pages attest to their artistry.

—REM

A NEW FORCE---  
PARAGRAVITY--  
HAS ENABLED  
EARTH'S SPACE-  
MEN TO BREATHE  
AND LIVE ON  
THE ASTEROIDS--  
DEAD FRAGMENTS  
OF A SMASHED  
PLANET WHICH  
CIRCLE THE SUN  
IN ORBITS---

# BEYOND MARS

by  
JACK WILLIAMSON

LEE  
ELIAS

---AND IN THE YEAR 2191---ON  
BROOKLYN ROCK--IN THE ASTEROID BELT--

JUST WAIT TILL I  
LAND A CONTRACT, MA/  
THEN YOU CAN RETIRE  
AND GO BACK HOME---  
TO EARTH!

SHUCKS, BOY/ I  
LIKE HIGH  
SPACE--OR I  
WOULDN'TA  
COME OUT HERE  
WITH YOUR PA---  
DRAT! SOME-  
BODY AT  
THE DOOR!

MIKE FLINT? I'M BECKY  
STARKE--I'M HERE TO  
HIRE A LICENSED SPATIAL  
ENGINEER AND  
A SHIP---

YOU'RE  
ON THE  
RIGHT  
ORBIT,  
SIS!

MY SON'S LICENSED FOR  
ALL BRANCHES OF HIGH  
SPACE WORK--IF YOU  
WANT A NEW ROCK  
RECLAIMED WITH A  
PARAGRAVITY FIELD  
AND ARTIFICIAL AIR---

I WANT  
TO GO  
OUT INTO  
THE  
METEOR  
DRIFT!

WHOA UP GAL/ YOU  
KNOW WHAT THE  
DRIFT IS? SWARMS  
OF ROCKS SHOOTING  
HAND/ BUT  
FASTER THAN BULLETS/  
UNCHARTED PLANETOIDS/  
RENEGADE MARTIANS!

DON'T BE A  
SISSY, MA---  
I'M A SPACE-  
HAND/ BUT  
WHAT HAS  
THIS  
SWEET  
YOUNG  
GREENIE  
IN HER  
SILLY  
HAT MIS-  
LAID OUT  
THERE?

A DEAD CITY--ON A DIAMOND  
ASTEROID/ A SINGLE DIAMOND  
HALF A MILE THICK/ AND I  
HAVEN'T MISLAID IT,  
EITHER--I'VE GOT A  
CHART OF ITS ORBIT!

WOW/  
SOME  
SOLI-  
TAIRE IF  
TRUE, BUT---

ROCK RATS ARE ALWAYS FEEDING  
WILD YARNS TO GREENIES, SWEET-  
HEART! DON'T YOU KNOW BROOKLYN  
ROCK AND ALL THE REST ARE ONLY  
PIECES OF A PLANET JUST LIKE EARTH  
WHICH WAS BLOWN TO BITS EONS  
AGO? HOW COULD THEY BE DIAMONDS?

I'LL SHOW  
YOU!



MIKE/ YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO FALL  
FOR THAT---

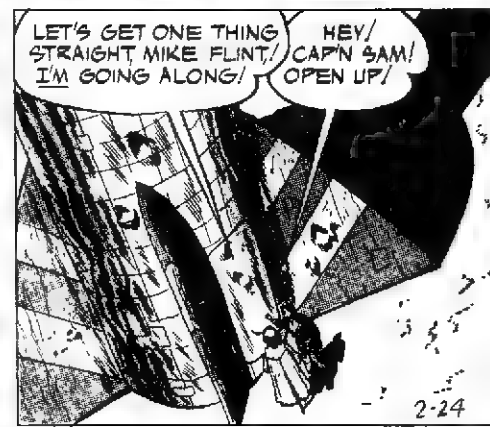
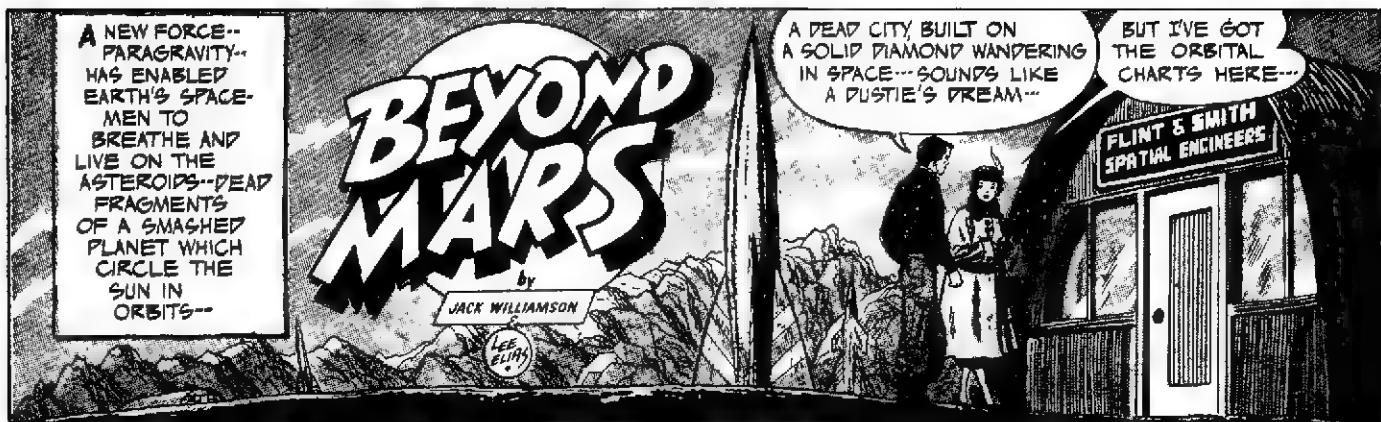
MA/ YOU CAN  
START PLAN-  
NING THAT TRIP  
HOME---TO  
EARTH!

DRAT THE BOY/ BUT I GUESS I WOULD  
LIKE TO SEE GRASS AND TREES AGAIN--  
FEEL THE WIND--HEAR A BIRD  
SING--BACK ON  
EARTH---

I KNOW IT'S  
NOT A DIAMOND--  
BUT I GOTTA  
SEE WHAT  
IT IS!

ROOMS  
BOARD  
14  
SPACE  
HANDS

BROOKLYN ROCK--  
A 2-MILE-THICK  
BOULDER IN  
HIGH SPACE  
WITH MAN-MADE  
AIR RETAINED  
BY PARAGRAVITY  
UNITS INSTALLED  
AT ITS CORE--  
BASED HERE,  
MEN IN  
PRESSURIZED  
SUITS AND  
SHIPS COME  
AIRLESS AS-  
TEROIDS FOR  
GEMS AND RARE  
MINERALS.









**A** STONE-AND-METAL TOWN LIES UNDER THE HORIZON FROM BROOKLYN ROCK'S SPACEPORT--- SHIELDED BY THE ASTEROID'S HUMP FROM SPACE-SHIP ACCIDENTS---

**A** NARROW ROAD HEWN THROUGH CRAZY CRAGS CONNECTS TOWN AND SPACEPORT--

**AND...**

AS BECKY HURRIES ALONG...



A NEW FORCE--  
PARAGRAVITY--  
HAS ENABLED  
EARTH'S SPACE-  
MEN TO BREATHE  
AND LIVE ON  
THE ASTEROIDS--  
DEAD FRAGMENTS  
OF A SMASHED  
PLANET WHICH  
CIRCLE THE SUN  
IN ORBITS--

# BEYOND MARS

by  
JACK WILLIAMSON

LEE  
ELIASH

...AND ON THE ASTEROID, BROOKLYN ROCK, BECKY  
STARKE IS BOUND FOR THE SPACEPORT WITH  
\$20,000 WHEN SHE MEETS...

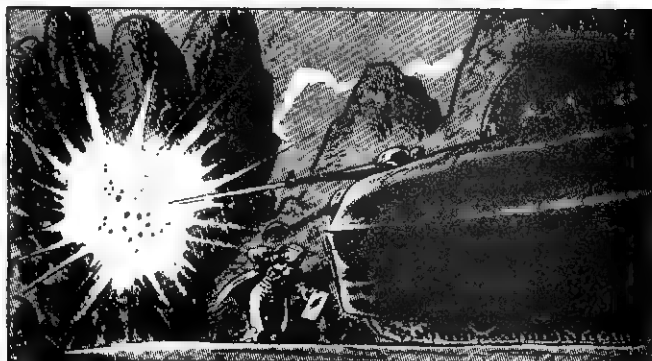
WA-WHA---

THE BLACK MARTIAN!!

AIEEEEEEE!!!!

THAT'S BECKY!  
C'MON, SAM!!!

!!!???



CAREFUL, MIKE!  
THAT JET GUN  
THURTT MOLTEN  
THTEEL!

BECKY!!



IT'S GETTING WARM  
WHERE I AM! WHAT  
ABOUT YOU, PARTNER??

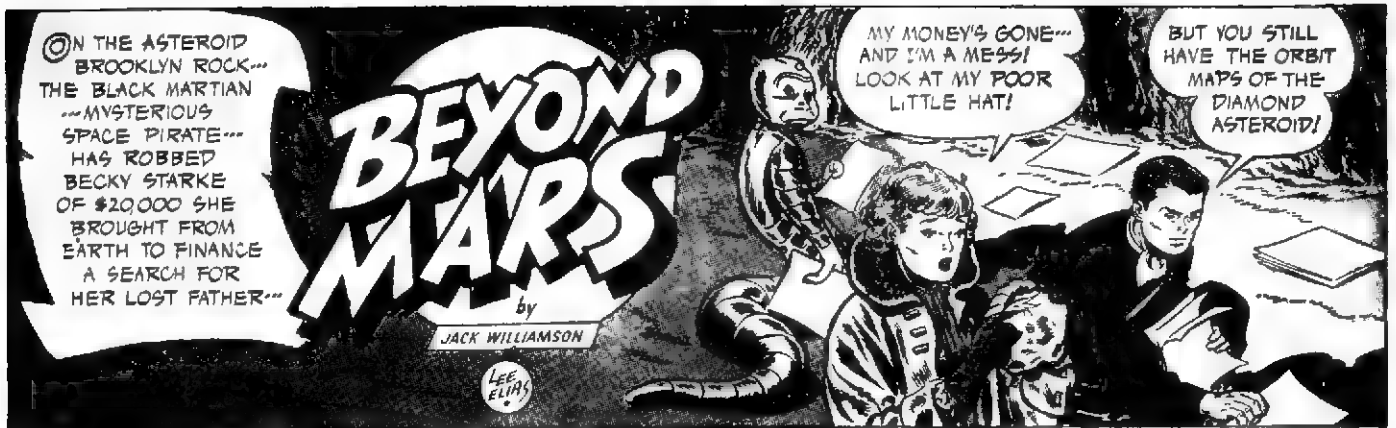
VENUTH  
WATH NEVER  
LIKE THITH!!

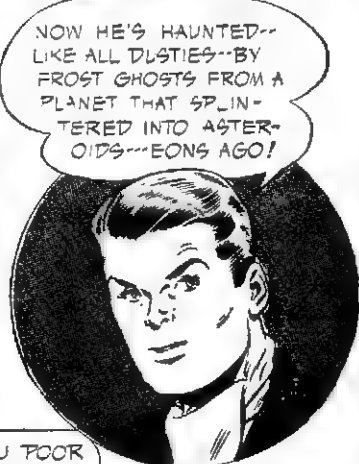
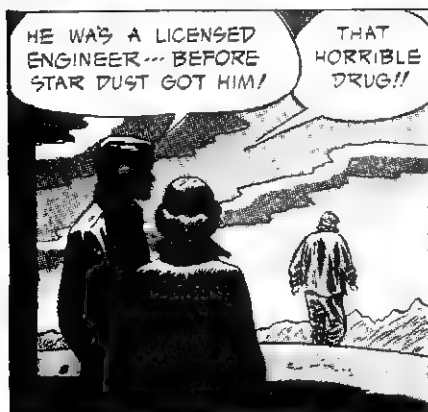




FLEEING MIKE FLINT'S SPECTRO-GUN, THE BLACK MARTIAN DEGRAVITATES INTO THE VOID OF SPACE WITH \$20,000 STOLEN FROM BECKY STARKE!







# BEYOND MARS

JACK WILLIAMSON

4-20

LEE ELIAS

SHHH! SHE'S A FROST GHOST THAT CAME OUTA SPACE TO FREEZE MIKE FLINT---

DUSTIE LOUIE, AN ADDICT OF STAR DUST--MYSTERIOUS DRUG OF THE ASTEROIDS---IS TRICKED BY THE BLACK MARTIAN INTO SCHEMING THE MURDER OF BECKY STARKE---GIRL FROM EARTH---

---BUT I'M GONNA SAVE HIM! A SQUIRTA LIQUID STEEL FROM THIS JET GUN--- THAT'LL SHRIVEL HER!!

W-WHO'S THERE?!

SHHH!-IT WON'T HURT---

-I'M JUST GONNA THAW YOU OUT A LITTLE!!

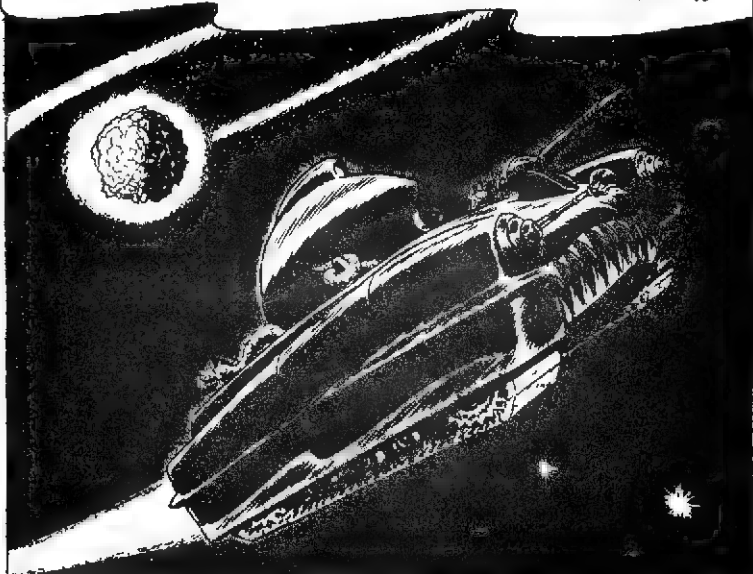
IF I DON'T SEEN YOU FIRST!!

M-MIKE!



THE MYSTERIOUS PIRATE OF THE ASTEROID BELT FLEES INTO SPACE ON HIS PARAGRAVITY DRIVE---ARRIVING BEYOND THE MAN-MADE ATMOSPHERE, HE CUTS THE DRIVE AND GLIDES INTO AN ORBIT AROUND THE ASTEROID

INVISIBLE AGAINST DARK SPACE, THE BLACK MARTIAN BECOMES---A SECRET MOON, CIRCLING BROOKLYN ROCK!!

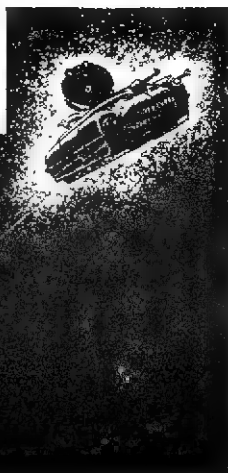


SUDDENLY THE TANK'S METAL SHELL LIFTS---AND DISCLOSES---INSTEAD OF A TENTACLED MARTIAN---A MAN IN SPACE ARMOR!!!



AS FLINT'S QUAIN'T MOTHER SAYS---DRAT!!

BUT THEY'LL NEVER FIND THE DIAMOND ASTEROID! I'LL BE THERE TO SEE THOSE THREE DIE AS THEIR SHIP TAKES OFF!!



NEXT MORN NG---



OUTA THE SACK, SAM! WE'RE TAKING OFF FOR---THE DIAMOND ASTEROID!!

TH-TH-TH-TH-THNORE--

**BEYOND MARS**

800 G.P.L.  
ALL PURPOSE LUBRICANT  
EXTRA HEAVY

JACK WILLIAMSON  
DX-800  
SOLAR

HURRY UP WITH THAT URANIUM, WILL YA? YOU GUYTH ARE INTERRUPTING MY BREAKFATHT.

Y'MEAN IT EATS METAL?

YEAH...IT'S GOT A CAST-IRON STOMACH!

CRUNCH CRUNCH.

KARTH INC.  
FUEL URANIUM

FREE FILMS

HIGHLY REFINED & LUBRICANT FOR EVERY PRODUCT OF TEBB

MEANWHILE, AT MA FLINT'S...

MA--GET OUT YOUR NEEDLE AND THREAD---BECKY'S GOTTA HAVE SOME SPACE-WORTHY DUDS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THESE CLOTHES?

SPACE SUITS WEREN'T MADE FOR HIGH HEELS, CHILD---

---AND OUT IN SPACE, SKIRTS JUST---FLOAT!

YOU VAMOOSE, MIKE FLINT! THIS IS WOMAN'S WORK!

OH, MA! WILL MIKE THINK I LOOK AWFUL?

HMPH! I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ALL THE TRICKS OF SEWING!

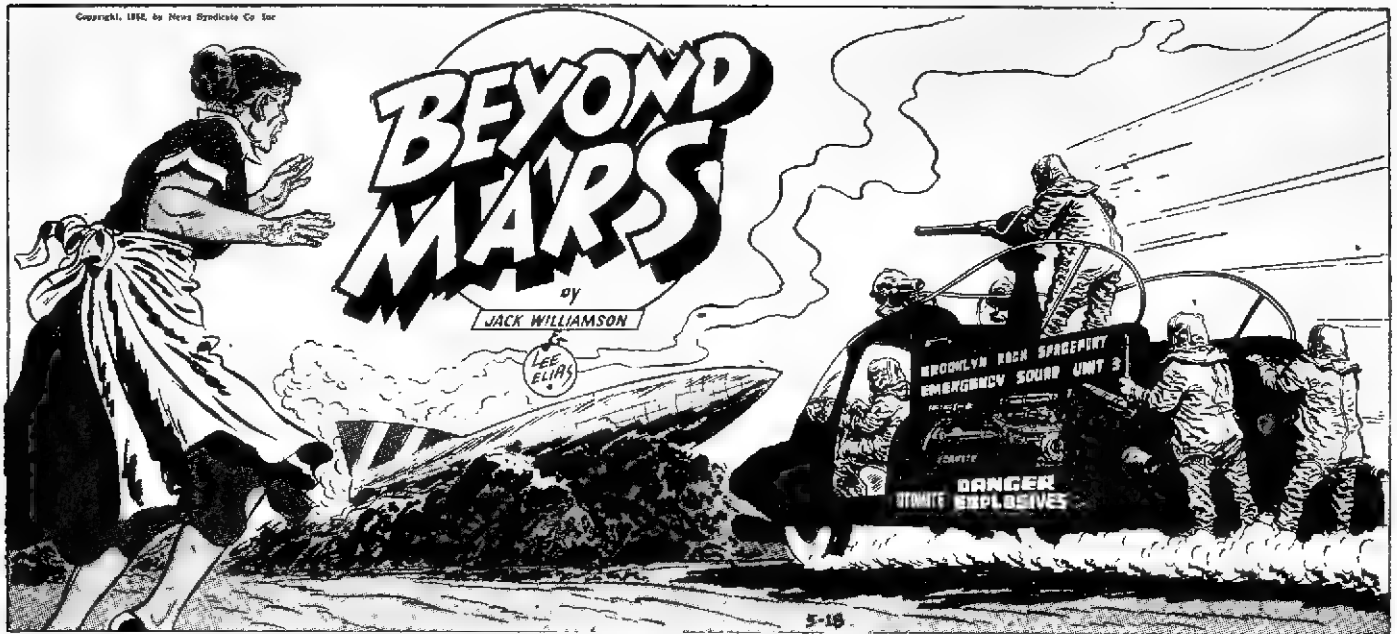
LATER---

AHEM!

HEV...!! NOT BAD---

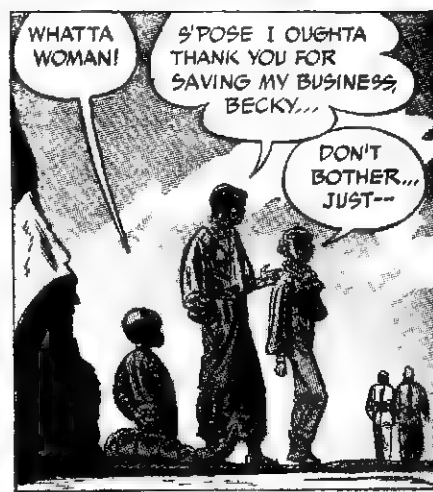
ON HER IT LOOKTH GOOD!!

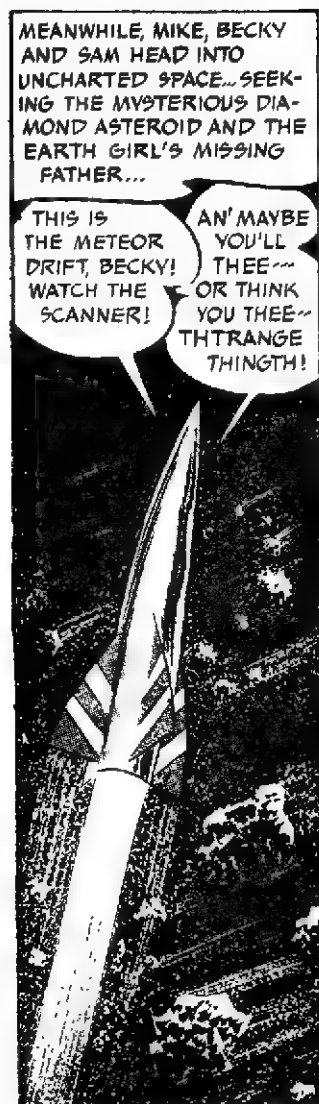








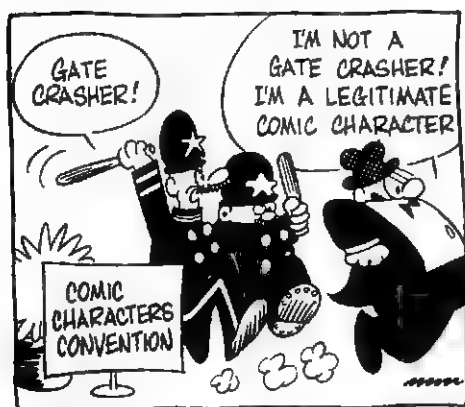
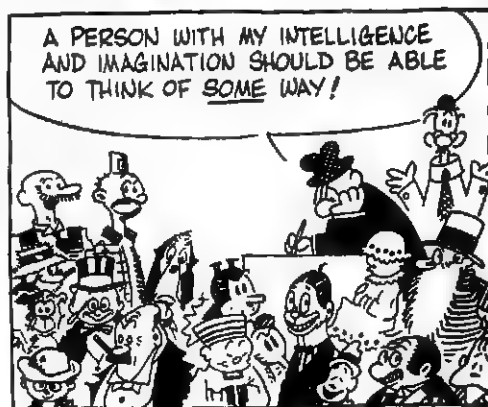


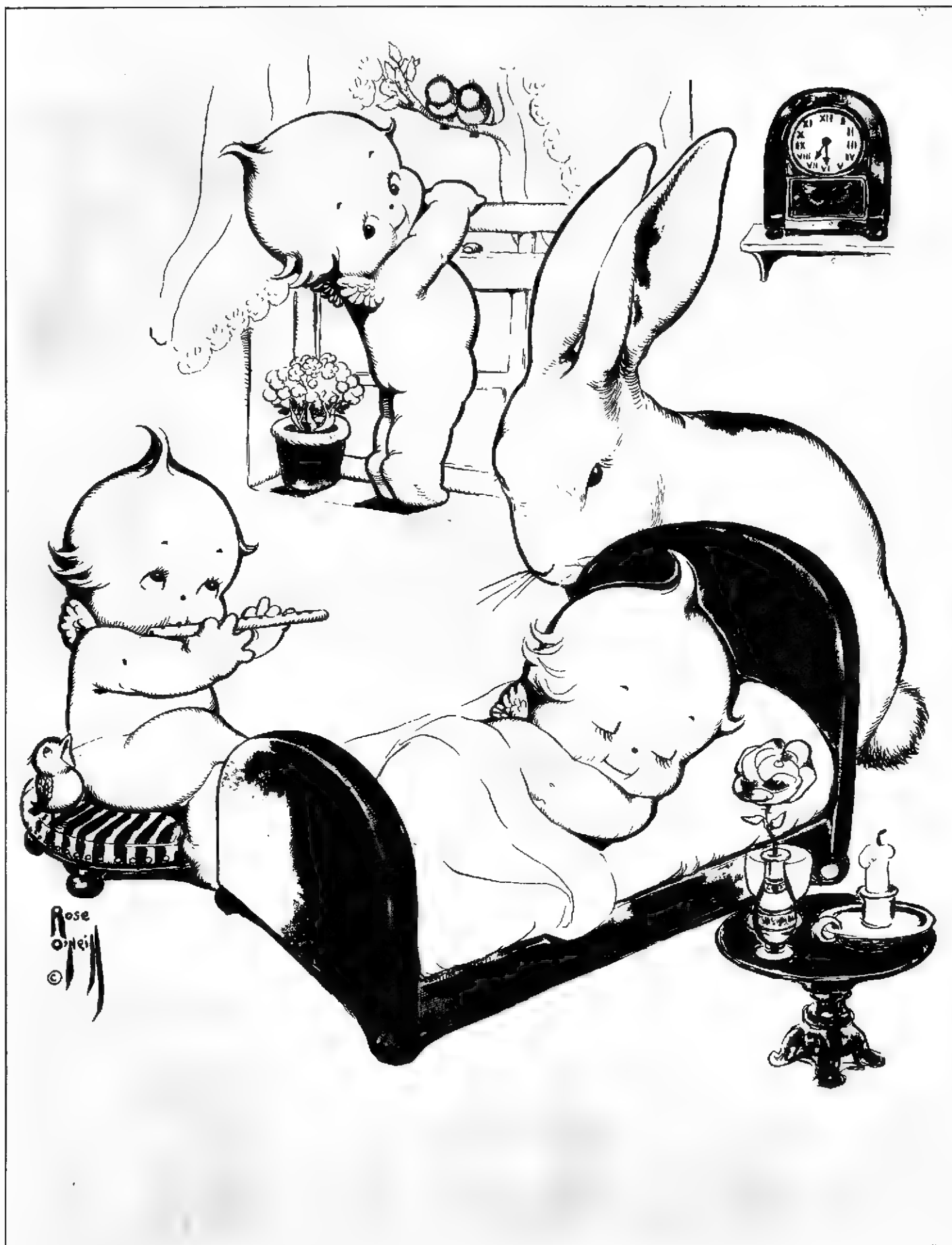


# SAM'S STRIP RETURNS!

by Mort Walker and  
Jerry Dumas







# Penmen Of The Past

# Rose O'Neill

Rose Cecil O'Neill Latham Wilson was a striking presence in her day and in her profession. She was a woman in a man's world—not only the business world, but in illustration and cartooning. Her work was also a bundle of widely varied styles and themes ranging from cute children's conceits to steamy romance novels, illustrated by herself. But mainly her prominence was due to her overwhelming talent and brilliant artwork.

O'Neill was born in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, on June 25, 1874. Her father was a book dealer and the family was raised amidst culture and the arts; she attended the Sacred Heart Convent School in Omaha, where the family had moved, and she studied piano, violin and dramatics, as well as singing in the church choir. Rose was already enamored of fantasy and allegory, and as a budding artist her brooding work reflected this; at the age of 14 she won a drawing contest held by the *Omaha World Herald*. Her subject was of Temptation leading to an abyss, and such was the quality of the artwork that the girl was made to prove she could execute drawings so professionally.

In her early 20s she gathered up her drawings and a novel she had written and—with the proceeds of farm stock the family had sold for the purpose—set off for New York to sell her work. Her writing was not encouraged by editors, but her artwork certainly was, and through the 1890s, she achieved the success she sought by becoming a featured artist with *Life* and, especially, *Puck*.

*Puck* afforded Rose O'Neill large, full pages on which to lavish her flowing, romantic brush strokes; and occasionally beautifully full-colored pages were hers too. Her artwork was always vibrant, almost alive with languid wet brush lines that performed several tasks at once: They were a patented O'Neill form of shading; they led the eye through her panoramic scenes; and they composed a unique decorative motif. The illustrator's term "wet brush" almost became a literal description of her technique—the O'Neill signature featured long, dripping tails on some of the letters. Aiding her individual style was the fact that she applied her sparse pen lines and generous brush strokes to a watercolor paper that caught all the ink.

O'Neill was married for five years to a

Virginia aristocrat, Gray Latham, and after a divorce married Harry Leon Wilson, literary editor of *Puck* who wrote the classic *Ruggles of Red Gap* and *Merton of the Movies*. This marriage too lasted less than six years. During this period she illustrated Wilson's novel *The Boss of Little Arcady*, and began to publish her own illustrated novels. First was the steamy romance, *The Loves of Edwy*, followed by *The Lady of the White Vell*; *The Goblin Woman*; and a volume of verse, *The Master-Mistress*.

Her work for *Puck* was never political (most of the magazine's artists were obliged to double on editorial and humor cartoons), but

Rose O'Neill in her studio, ca. 1905.



BELOW: A poster announcing one of Rose O'Neill's exhibitions of sensual, symbolic drawings.



fell under two categories: Urban/slum/ethnic-immigrant subjects, usually featuring children; and Society drawings, starring rather sensuous versions of the Gibson Girls and Men.

In the last month of 1909 Rose O'Neill created the characters who immortalized her name. The *Kewpies* debuted in the *Ladies' Home Journal* and were an immediate hit; and for nearly a quarter-century thereafter the little elfin creatures were seldom absent from the pages of women's monthlies—principally *Good Housekeeping*—and were widely merchandised as dolls, toys, bisques, post cards, etc. On two occasions the *Kewpies* starred in Sunday funnies—in the 'teens, a full color page of vignettes and poetry; and in the '30s, a strip for *King Features*.

Usually O'Neill's *Kewpie* drawing were accompanied by her own verse. The characters were winsome, cuddly creatures, just this side of saccharin, and although there were many cutesy acquaintances in their adventures, O'Neill also penned encounters with menacing creatures and fantastic, ethereal (and often sexy) beings as well. The *kewpies* (a nickname for "little cupids") are proud members of the great tradition of cartoon Little People that includes the *Brownies* (O'Neill at least partly had Palmer Cox's characters in mind when she created the *Kewpies*) and the later *Teenie Weenies*. *Kewpieville* is an enchanted place where happiness and selflessness are a way of life. Rose O'Neill created a child's world that adults felt privileged to

visit.

But for all the charm and attraction of the *Kewpies*—it was considerable, and will be examined in *NEMO* in the future—they have, in hindsight, the drawback of obscuring our appreciation of the other large body of work executed by Rose O'Neill, cartoonist and illustrator.

Her pen-and-brush drawings became less commercial and more allegorical, and she held several notable exhibitions of such brilliant work in Paris Salons through the years. She also was a competent sculptress. We have taken note of her poetic talents, and she continued to illustrate others' books into the '30s.

O'Neill's residences were as eclectic as her interests and artistic modes. She had a beloved Ozark Mountain hideaway called Bonniebrook, and she also maintained a bohemian artists studio in New York's Washington Square.

She lived for awhile in the artists community of Westport, Connecticut (in Saugatuck), and owned an estate on the Isle of Capri in the Italian Mediterranean. She died in 1944.

Rose O'Neill is remembered today chiefly for her *Kewpies*, but deserves more recognition for her considerable achievements in art, illustration, and cartooning. She was a remarkable stylist in her cartoons, as these drawings, some of them reprinted for the first time in 85 years, attest so lavishly.

—Rick Marshall







#### THE ONE ESSENTIAL.

Mr. NEWLYRICHE.—Oh, we kin git into society all right. I 've got the money.  
Mrs. NEWLYRICHE.—True, Jabez; but I wish yew 'd try an' act a leetle more as if you had inherited it!





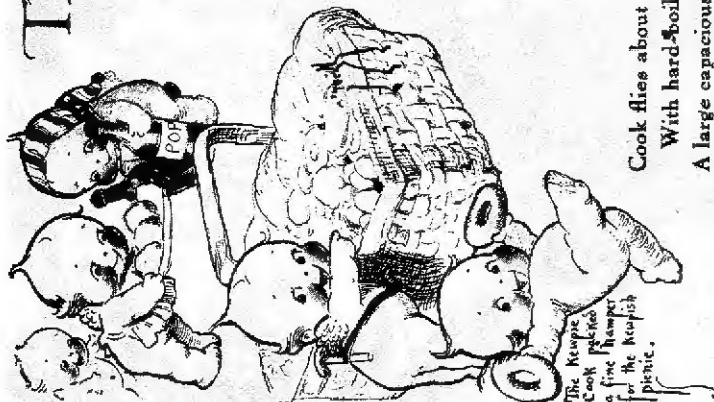
#### AT THE AFRICAN BETHEL

PARSON JOHNSON.—De choir will now sing, "I 'm glad salvation's free," while Deacon Ketcham passes de hat. De congregation will please to 'membah dat while *salvation* am free, we hab to pay de choir for singing about it. All please contribute accordin' to yo' means.



# The Kewpies and

Verses and Pictures



When snappy folks forget their snappiness,  
And scrappy ones refrain from scrappiness,  
The universe is full of happiness.

This handsome world then wags so merrily  
That Kewpies, busy ordinarily  
Adjusting things that go contrarily,  
Perceive their chance to have a jolly day  
And so prepare to take a holiday.

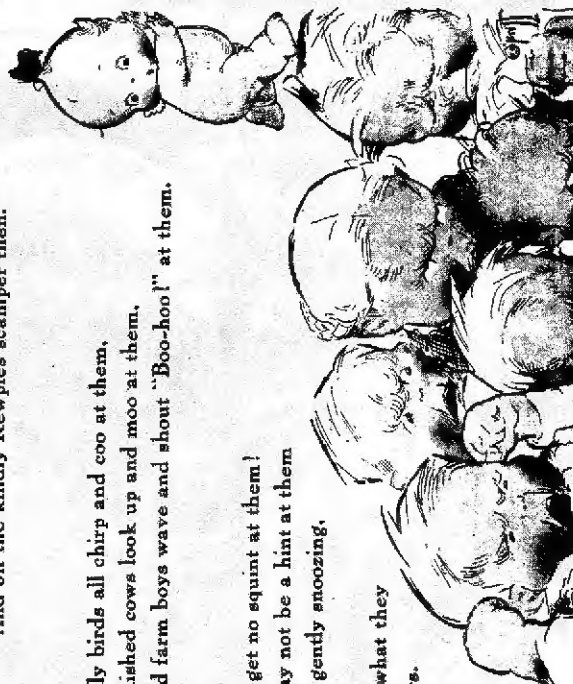
Cook flies about and packs to stuffiness,  
With hard-boiled eggs and rich cream-puffiness,  
A large capacious picnic hamper then,  
And off the kindly Kewpies scamper then.

The early birds all chirp and coo at them,  
Astonished cows look up and moo at them,  
And farm boys wave and shout "Boo-hoo!" at them.

But little sluggards get no squint at them!  
Which may or may not be a hint at them  
Who late in bed lie gently snoozing,  
dears,

And never guess what they  
are losing, dears.

People with a tendency  
to sleepiness  
and scrappiness.



# their Fairy Cousin

by Rose O'Neill

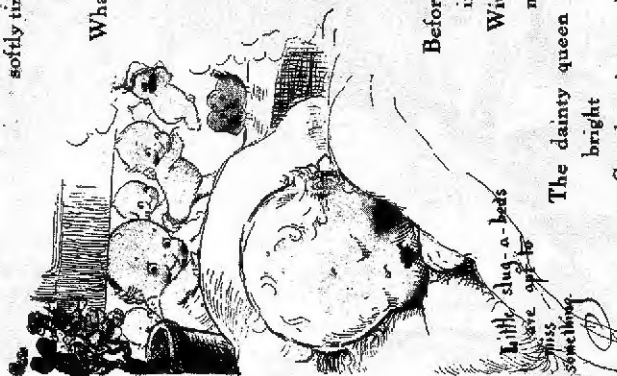
The Kewpies waste no time in frittering,  
But over hill and dale go skittering,  
They pass by miles and miles of scenery,  
And reach a nook hedged in with  
greenery.

With periwinkles periwinkling, dears,  
And swaying bluebells  
softly tinkling, dears.

What comes now sounds a  
trifle whopperish—

A little man, in shape grasshopperish,  
Gesticulating agitatedly.

Informed the Kewpies animatedly  
The Azure Fairy, roused from dreaminess,  
Would deign to share their cream-puffs'  
creaminess!



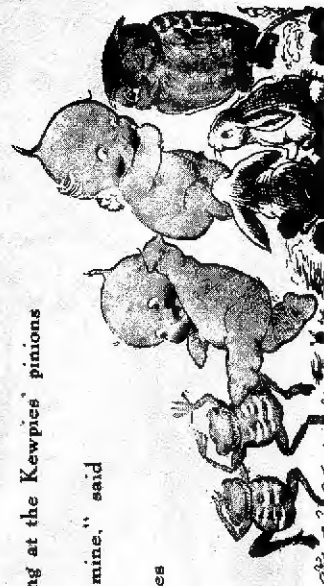
Before them then in raiment shimmering,

With dewdrops on her blue wings glimmering.

The dainty queen of those dominions  
bright

Stood gazing at the Kewpies' pinions  
bright.

"You've wings like mine," said  
she amazedly,  
And all the Kewpies  
nodded dazedly.

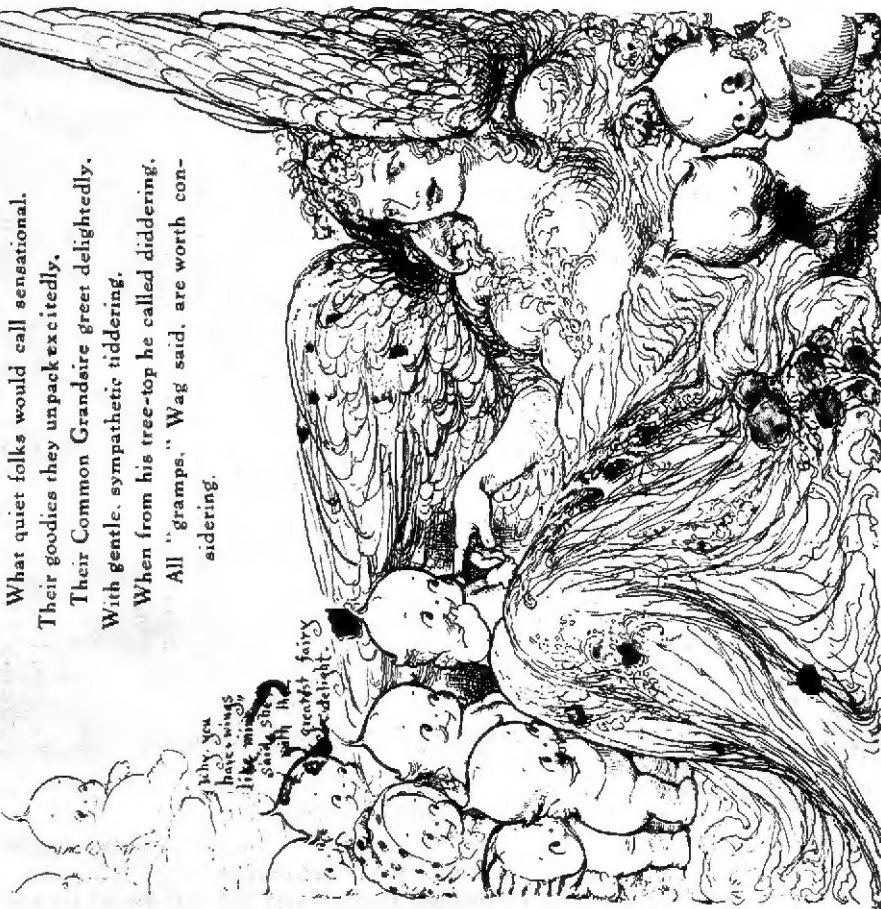




He told the Kewps  
about their Fairy  
Cousins.

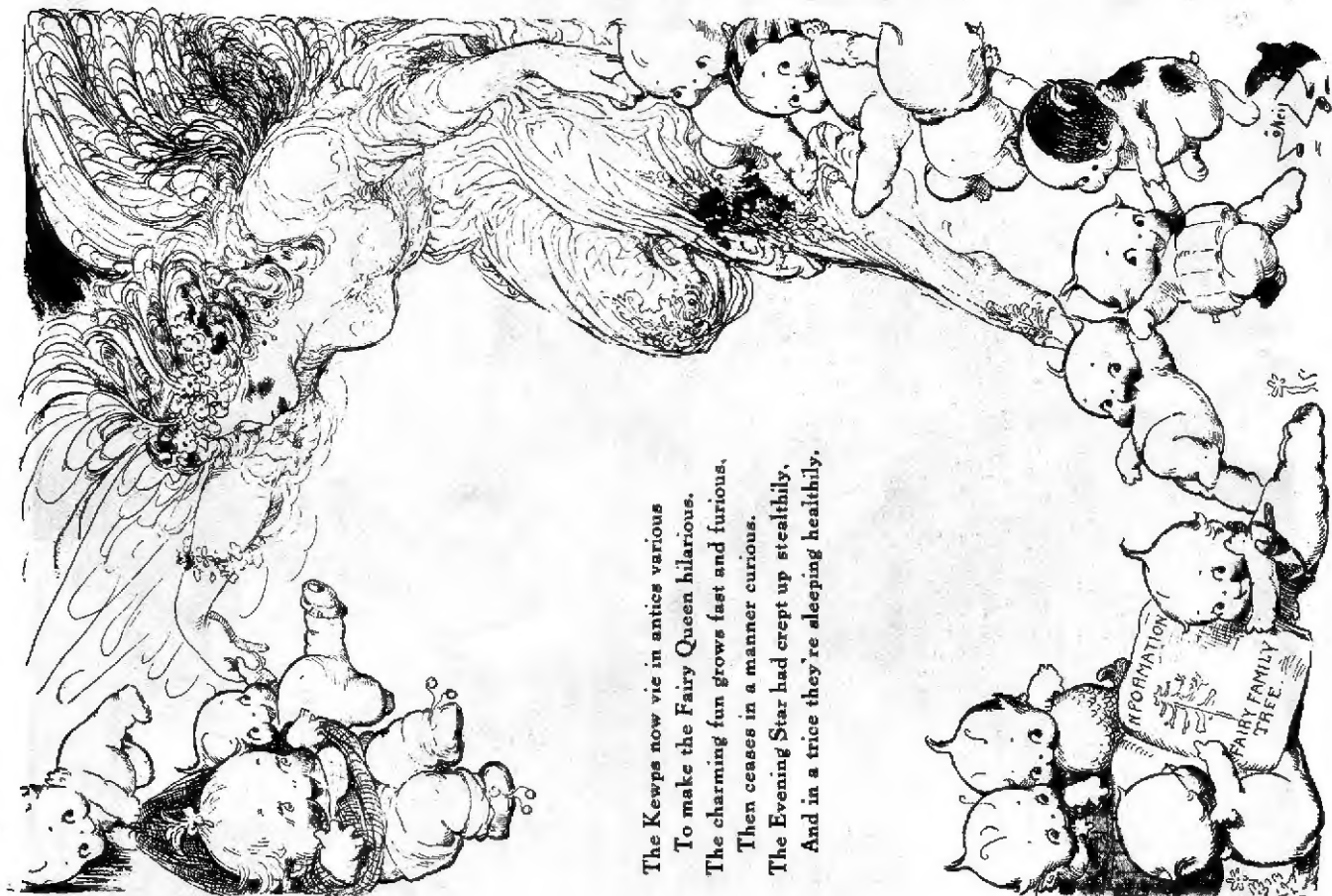
Now in his "Information," luckily  
Her Family Tree grew: Bookman  
pluckily  
Ascended it, and there found hovering  
A Common Grand sire, whose discover-  
ing  
Proved that the Kewps by consanguinity  
Were, as Wag said, her next of kin-ity!

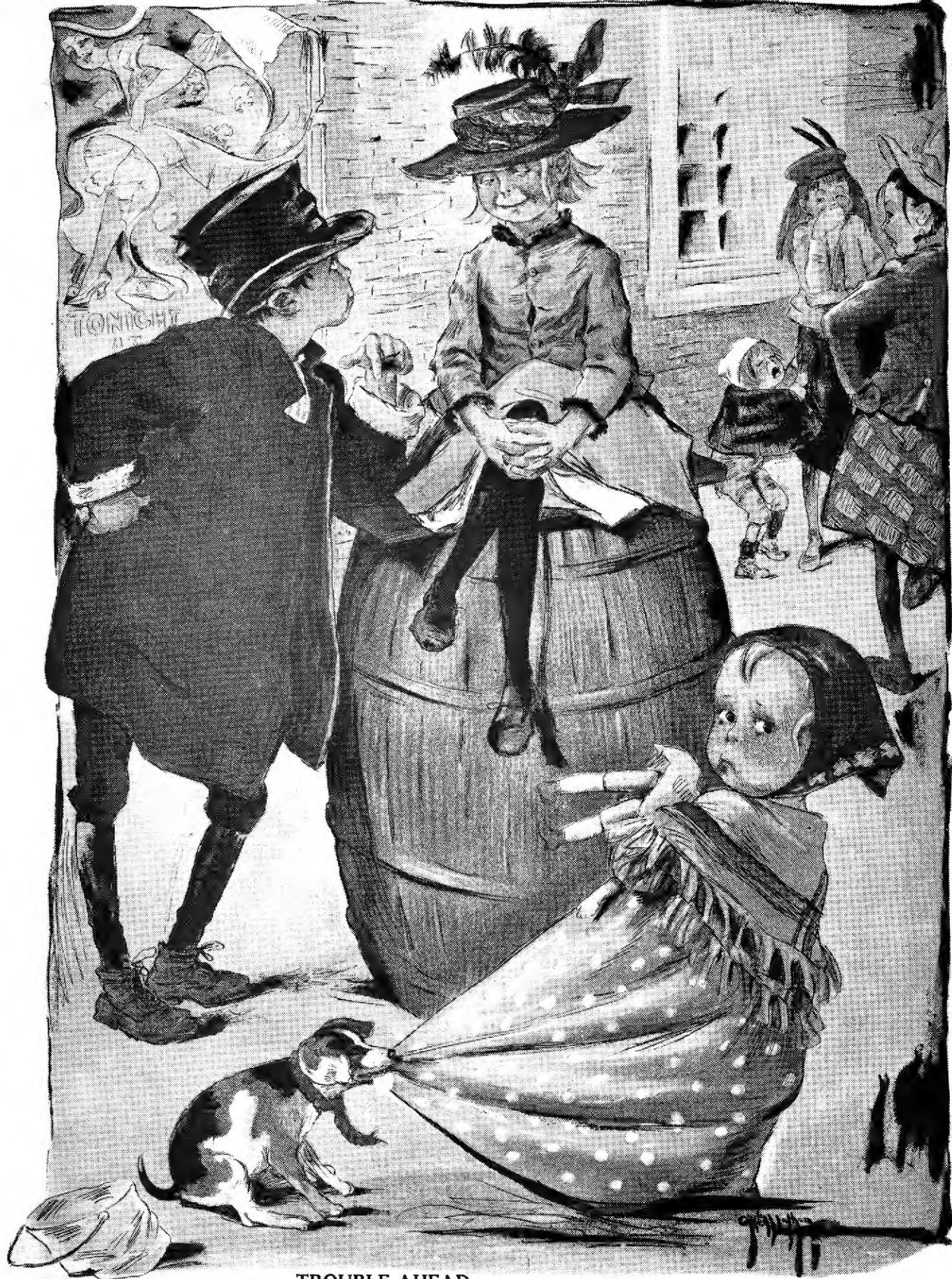
Their doings now were jubilational—  
What quiet folks would call sensational.  
Their goodies they unpack excitedly,  
Their Common Grand sire greet delightedly,  
With gentle, sympathetic tiddering.  
When from his tree-top he called diddering,  
All "gramps," Wag said, are worth con-  
sidering.



Why you  
have wings  
like mine?  
said she  
to the  
greatest fairy  
of delight.

The Kewps now vie in antics various  
To make the Fairy Queen hilarious.  
The charming fun grows fast and furious,  
Then ceases in a manner curious.  
The Evening Star had crept up stealthily,  
And in a trice they're sleeping healthily.





**TROUBLE AHEAD.**

HE. — So Jimmy gev yer a Christmas present, did he?

SHE. — Well, kin yer blame him?

HE. — No, I don't blame him; but when I see him I'll slug him!